

Ladies' Department.

POETRY.

Brick-A-Brac (China.)

Miss Clio Jones was twenty-three,
And wonderful at repartee;
In all her life, her parents say,
She never gave herself away.

Young Tongo Yangtse Chiang Chaw
From Peking came to study law
At Harvard University;
He, too, was great at repartee.

Miss Clio Jones had often said
She knew that she should be unwed;
She had never seen a fellow smart
Enough to captivate her heart.

Young Tongo Yangtse Chiang Chaw
Had vowed to die a bachelor;
"There are no clever girls," said he:
"I'll never marry a Chinese."

They met and loved amid the hum,
And splendor of a kettle-drum;
A tawny skin to persons clever
Can make no difference whatever.

"O Clio, do you mind my shade?"
Said he, "My Tongo," hisped the maid,
"You are a snow-drop to Othello."
Ah! Tongo was a lucky fellow.

To tell her love ran Clio Jones,
Of her mamma she made no bones,
Her pa replied that he'd be d—
If she should marry a Chinese.

She shrieked, she sobbed, she stormed,
She blew,
She raved about his lovely cue,
"O hold it down!" her father said;
"A Chinaman you shall not wed."

Then Clio Jones became emphatic;
Her father looked her in the attic,
And left a horse-whip in the hall,
In hopes that Tongo Chaw would call.

O gentle friends, my tale is done,
Poor Clio Jones became a nun;
And clever Tongo did not marry,
But died instead by Hari-kari.

The moral is that it is never
Advisable to be too clever,
If Clio had not been, you see,
She might have wed with you or me.

[For the FARMER AND MECHANIC.
Advice-Giving.

Advice is one of the few things
to be had free-gratis, for nothing.
People who have nothing else, al-
ways have oceans of advice ready
to hand out. The signal pity of it
is that so much that is good flies
at random round the world without
producing any results, simply be-
cause it goes over the heads of the
masses. Nobody is hit. Much of
our pulpit instruction is lost in this
way, and many a column of editor-
ial wisdom wasted. And so accus-
tomed are people to be addressed
by their leaders and guides as from
an elevation, that they have come to
undervalue all discourses that are
not strongly flavored with the moral
or intellectual altitude far above
them, of the speaker or writer.
The more incomprehensible or un-
practical the advice be, the higher
the standpoint, and (of course) the
loftier the genius, and the wider the
outlooks of the giver. Come down
to their level and talk in plain
language of their every-day habits
and every-day wants, and they vote
you at once no scholar.

Sydney Smith who knew what
he was about as well as any man in
England, and whose wit and wis-
dom are all the more rare and ex-
quisite for their vivid coloring of
plain common sense, felt this want
among public advice givers so
strongly that he proposed to write
a set of lectures for poor folks that
they could understand. Two or
three specimens that he gave show
with what a master's hand he could
have done the work. I dare say
that nobody encouraged him to go
on;—nobody wants plain talk.
Something very fine, very learned,
very eloquent, very obscure, and
very pretentious—these are now-a-
days the popular qualities. Nay
to go infinitely above Sydney Smith,
there was not a certain Divine
Teacher once on earth who spoke
as never man spoke,—plainly, sin-
cerely, unaffectedly, and to the
point, and from the same level with
his audience, and are not his teach-
ings the model? Is not common-
sense their most marked character-
istic?—Common-sense, the most
uncommon, the divinist of all the
senses.

These thoughts are suggested as
I sit looking at a scrap cut from a
newspaper several years ago, and
laid away as worth preservation for
its extreme worthlessness. It had
gone the rounds of the papers no
doubt as an elegant extract, and
had been read and admired without
producing the least effect on any
body's head or heart. Some good
woman had felt herself moved to
address her "sisters of the Grange"
on the subject of "Reformation in
dress." I have no means of know-
ing in which latitude, or for what
community of Grangers she wrote;
but wherever she lived she mounted

upon a pair of stilts before she be-
gan, and from that metaphorical
elevation delivered her charge. She
entrants us to dress more plainly—
with less point-lace, and fewer
jewels. She begs us instead of
parading fresh silk dresses every
month, to be content with one new
suit every three months or so, and
asks if our fathers and husbands
and lovers will not value us as much
if we wore neat and pretty calicoes,
as they do now when we appear in
silk attire. She beseeches us with
muchunction to consider what an
example we are setting by our too
great devotion to fine dress, and
urges us to deny ourselves for the
sake of others, and make a sacrifice
of our laces and diamonds upon a
principle of patriotism.

This is the sort of stuff that news-
papers delight to copy and endorse
and commend to their lady readers.
How many grangers' wives and
daughters in North Carolina could
feel themselves hit by such a charge?
"Are you speaking to me, Ma'am?"
the vast majority would say. "Why
of course not. I have not had a
silk dress since before the war, and
never expect to own one again.
Point lace? I never saw a bit to
know it in my life. Jewels? never
owned any. If our husbands, &c.,
do not value us as much in neat
calico as they would in silk our
case is hard." A talk with the
farmers' wives and daughters of
North Carolina!—she must have
courage who would attempt it, and
she must know a little something
about them before she begins.

Suppose I try it, standing neither
higher nor lower than most of them,
and making no pretence to more
than an extreme good will, and
willingness to take, as well as give.
Granted this corner in the FARMER
AND MECHANIC, and let the ladies
of the Grange walk in, and edify
one another. C. P. S.

Well said, Madame! Place and
dames! That is to say, walk in,
Ladies, and be assured of a welcome.
You shall have, not the corner, but
the big arm-chair, in front of the
fire, with plenty of room, and a
larger audience of interested listen-
ers than ever a fair fire-side lec-
tress had elsewhere!—Ed. F. & M.

CAN'T AFFORD IT.

"Can't afford it! Too many
months to feed—too many backs to
cover. It's a luxury I should like
very much to indulge in—no man
fonder of reading than I am—but
can't afford it sir."

"Its only three dollars a year.
Less than sixpence a week."

"I know. But three dollars a year
will buy half a barrel of flour and
give my family bread for a month.
It's no use to talk, my friend. I
know exact my own ability, and
know that I can't afford to take the
magazine."

And thus Mr. Rivers closed the
matter with the persevering canvass-
er who was industriously
trying to add to the subscription
list of a certain highly popular
magazine.

"I think that you might have
taken it, papa," said Mary Rivers,
greatly disappointed. "I never
see a magazine or newspaper unless
I borrow from Jane Tompkins, and
I knew her father grumbles at her
whenever he catches her lending them."

"I might do a great many things,
my child, if I was made of money,
which I am sorry to say is not the
case," returned Mr. Rivers. "If I
could afford it, I would take all
the magazines and newspapers in
country; but I can't, and so that is
the end of the matter."

And thus ending it, Mr. Rivers
turned away from his disappointed
daughter and left the house. Mary
Rivers was extremely fond of read-
ing, and had dozens of times beg-
ged her father to take Harper's or
some other magazines or papers,
but his answer was, "I can't afford
it;" so she was forced to borrow
from Jane Tompkins, whose father
subscribed for half a dozen maga-
zines and newspapers, and thought
the money well laid out. To have
to borrow she thought bad enough,
but the worst of the matter was,
no sooner did she bring a magazine
or newspaper into the house, than
it was caught up by one hungry
member after another, always in-
cluding her father, and its contents
devoured by each, and this often
before she could get a chance to
read half a dozen pages or columns.

The newspaper or magazine,
whichever it might be, never pass-
ed through the entire family of Mr.
Rivers without being considerably
the worse for wear. The papers were
soiled, rumpled, the folds worn
through or torn, while magazines
were sent home often sadly disfig-
ured. All this to Mary was very
mortifying, and often prevented her
from asking to borrow the new
numbers of the magazines, although
to use her own words, sometimes
she was "dying to see them."

It was a warm day in July, and
Mr. Rivers, who had, about six
months before, joined the temper-
ance society, felt very dry as he
walked along the street. Before
signing the pledge he would have
quenched a similar state of thirst
with an iced punch or a mint julep.
Now he merely stepped into a drug-
gist's and called for a glass of min-
eral water, for which he paid his
tip, thinking, if he thought at all
about the expenses, that it was the
merest trifle in the world. An
hour afterwards he indulged in the
luxury of a couple of oranges, at
four cents each, which tempted him
as he passed a fruit stall.

"Rivers," said a neighbor step-
ping into his store after dinner,
"it's terrible hot, and as there is
nothing doing, I've made up my
mind to take a little excursion
down the river in the steamboat
that leaves at four o'clock. Come,
go along, won't you? We can be
home by tea time."

"I don't care if I do," replied
Rivers. "I want a little recreation
badly."

A thought of the expenses or
whether he could afford it never
crossed his mind.

At four he was on board the
steamer, having spent a shilling for
cigars, which were shared with his
neighbor.

"Come, let's have a glass of lem-
onade," he said, shortly after they
were on board the steambot; and
the two men went to the bar and
each drank a cool glass of lemonade,
for which Rivers settled. Shortly
afterwards the fare was called for.
It was only twenty-five cents.

"Cheap enough," remarked
Rivers.

"Yes, cheap as dirt. No wonder
the boat is crowded."

Twelve and a-half cents more
were spent by Rivers for an ice cream
before he returned from the excu-
sion. He could afford this very
well.

On arriving in the city, between
seven and eight o'clock in the even-
ing, it occurred to him that as long
as he had been enjoying himself so
well, he ought to take something
home to his family that was a little
nice. While wondering what this
should be, he passed a fruit shop,
in the window of which was a large
display of oranges.

"I'll take a dozen oranges home
—that will do he said.

And so he went in and got a doz-
en oranges, for which he paid thirty-
seven and a half cents; and
bought besides, a tip's worth of to-
bacco.

The extra spendings of Mr. Riv-
ers, who could not afford to take a
magazine, were for that day, just one
dollar and twenty cents, or at the
rate of three hundred and sixty dol-
lars a year! And yet Mr. Rivers
thought himself a very economical
man, and took merit to himself for
saving on newspapers and maga-
zines.

On the next day, Mr. Rivers felt
as if he needed a little exercise—he
was so closely confined in his store
—and as it was dull, he could as
easily be spared as not. So he hir-
ed a horse and sulky for a dollar
and a half, and took a pleasant ride
by himself.

Previously to his riding out, he
spent a shilling in mineral water.
During the ride, he paid to gate-
keepers, stable boys and taverns
where he stopped for lemonade and
for what he drank and smoked, just
thirty-eight cents. Ten cents in
cakes for the children, laid out to
satisfy the idea of having indulged
in a ride while his family remained
at home, completed this day's extra
expense of the man who could not
afford to take a periodical; the
whole amount was just two dollars.

On the day succeeding this, fifty
cents were spent in self-indulgences:
on the next, twenty-five cents, and
on the day after, nearly a dollar.
And so it went on day after day,
and week after week, while Mary
continued to borrow from Jane
Tompkins, magazines, newspapers
and books.

One day, shortly after the new
magazines for the month had been
announced, Mary called as usual
upon her friend Jane. On her table
lay Harper's and several other
magazines.

"How much I do envy you!" she
said. "What would I not give if
my father would take the magazines
for me as yours does for you; but
he always says he can't afford it."

Then Mary turned over maga-
zine after magazine, examining and
admiring the beautiful engravings.
When she was going away, she said
—"Are you done with the Lady's
Book yet?"

Jane looked slightly confused as
she replied—"I've read it Mary,
but papa hasn't done with it yet."

"No matter—Harper's or Scrib-
ner's will do."

"I'm sorry, Mary," and the col-
or rose to Jane's face "but I can't let
you have either of them. The fact
is Mary to tell you the plain truth,
papa has objected for a good while
to my lending my periodicals and

literary newspapers, and now posi-
tively forbids my doing so. But
you can come and see me, Mary,
and read them here. I shall be
glad to have you. But I need not
say that—you know I will. I wish
papa wasn't so particular; but he is
a little curious about some things."

Mary felt hurt not at Jane, but
at the fact. She went home feeling
badly.

"Your friend Miss Rivers didn't
get her usual supply of reading,"
said Tompkins to his daughter,
shortly after Mary had left the
house.

"No, and I was sorry for her,"
replied Jane. "She seemed hurt
and mortified when I told her that
I could not lend them. I'm sure,
papa, it wouldn't have hurt us at
all, and would have been such a
gratification to her."

"Let her father subscribe for
them, as I do. He is just as able."

"But he thinks he can't afford it,
and now—"

"Thinks he can't afford it, in-
deed!" said Mr. Tompkins. "A
man who spends two or three hun-
dred dollars a year in self-indul-
gences of one kind and another, talk-
ing about not being able to afford
magazines and newspapers for his
family. Why, it costs him more
for tobacco and cigars than it does
me for periodicals!"

"Still, papa, it is hard for Mary
to be deprived of them. It isn't
her fault. She says she often begs
her father to take them for her,
but that his only reply is he can't
afford it."

"If she were the only one con-
cerned, Jane, she might have them
with great pleasure," replied Mr.
Tompkins. "But, you see, she
isn't. It is plain from the condi-
tion in which the magazines come
home, that they have gone through
the hands of the whole family.
That Mr. Rivers indulges himself
in reading at my expense, I am very
well satisfied, for I have seen my
Godey at his store more than once."

"Yes, that is the worst of it."

"Besides, Jane, I am not per-
fectly clear in my own mind that
it is honest towards the publishers
to encourage anything of this kind.
They go to great expense and la-
bor in getting up their works, and
certainly give the money's worth
to all who subscribe. But if every
subscriber lends to his neighbors
who are perfectly able to subscribe
themselves, and who would do so
if they could not borrow, the pub-
lisher can not be sustained, or will
receive, at best, but an inadequate
return. For my part, there is
scarcely anything I would not do
rather than borrow a newspaper or
periodical. I never have been guilty
of that meanness yet, and, if I
keep my present mind, never will."

Mary Rivers, as has been seen,
went home feeling very badly. The
more she thought about what had
occurred, the more she felt mortif-
ied and really ashamed of herself
for having trespassed upon Jane
Tompkins for her periodicals and
newspapers to such an extent as to
cause her father to interfere and
forbid her lending them any more.
For this fact in the case she was
not slow to infer.

"Mary," said Mr. Rivers, as he
sat that evening, listless for some-
thing to read or do, ain't none of
the magazines out this month?
Haven't you got a *Farmer and
Mechanic* or *News* from your friend
Miss Tompkins?"

"No papa," replied Mary.

"I thought you went there to-
day."

"So I did but, Jane says her fa-
ther has forbidden her to lend the
papers or magazines any more."

"He has?" ejaculated Mr. Rivers,
with surprise and something of in-
dignation. "Why was that?"

"I don't know; but Jane said she
couldn't let me have them any
more."

"It's very selfish!" said Mr. Riv-
ers, "very selfish! What harm
could your reading the magazines
do him, I wonder? But that's just
like some people! They cannot bear
to see others enjoy themselves, and
will prevent it if in their power."

Mr. Rivers felt rather uncomfort-
able about this refusal on the part
of Mr. Tompkins. It seemed to
him to be aimed at his family. He
also felt uncomfortable at the
thought of losing his regular week-
ly and monthly enjoyment of read-
ing the newspapers and magazines
—"free gratis, for nothing." In fact,
this standing of Mr. Tompkins
upon his reserved rights had an
unhappy effect upon the whole
Rivers family, from the father down
to little Tommy, who read the an-
ecdotes, and a story now and then,
with as high a relish as any of the
rest.

Things remained in this posture
for two or three weeks, when Mr.
Rivers became so hungry for the
mental aliment withheld by Mr.
Tompkins, that he strained a point,
even though he felt that he couldn't
afford it, and went and subscribed
for a magazine. He brought a
couple of numbers with him, and

tossing them into Mary's lap, said
—"There's the magazine for you,
Mary, and no thanks to Mr. Tomp-
kins."

Mary's eyes and face brightened
as she caught up the pamphlet.
"Have you subscribed for it, pa-
pa?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, dear. You can read your
own magazines now."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed
Mary, the tears starting into her
eyes.

Even though he couldn't afford
it, Mr. Rivers felt happy, to think
he made Mary happy. On the next
day he thought frequently on the
delighted face of his daughter when
he told her that he had subscribed
for the magazine. Before night he
determined to give her another
agreeable surprise ere the week was
out. It was Thursday. On the
next evening, when he came in,
Mary sprung towards him, and
holding a newspaper, said, while
her whole countenance beamed with
pleasure—"A man left the *Farmer
and Mechanic* here to-day. Did you
subscribe for it, papa? Yes, I know
you did; your face tells me so."

"You seem delighted about it,"
Mr. Rivers said with an irrespress-
ible smile.

"And so I am. I wanted to see
the *Farmer and Mechanic* dreadful
bad."

Nor was Mary alone in her ex-
pression of pleasure. The younger
sisters and brothers were in rap-
tures at the idea of having the
Farmer and Mechanic that was all
their own to read; and even
Mrs. Rivers, who was not of a
very literary turn, remarked on
the occasion, that a newspaper was
an "excellent thing among chil-
dren," and that, for her part, she
always liked to read a little in them
now and then, especially in that
part containing domestic matters.
Not for a long time had Mr. Rivers
done anything that gave such uni-
versal satisfaction at home. Even
though he couldn't afford it, he was
very far from repenting of this act
of extra liberality.

Many weeks did not pass before
another magazine and another
newspaper came to the house, and
before six months Mr. Rivers was
as liberal a patron of periodical lit-
erature as Mr. Tompkins, and this
although he couldn't afford it.

Married Life.

Good counsel from a wife and
mother: "I try to make myself
and all around me agreeable. It
will not do to leave a man to him-
self till he comes to you, to take no
pains to attract him, or to appear
before him with a long face. It is
not so difficult as you think, dear
child to behave to a husband so
that he shall remain as a husband.
I am an old woman; but you can
still do what you like; a word from
you at the right time will not fail
of its effect; what need have you
to play the suffering virtue? The tear
of a loving girl, says an old book is
like a dew-drop on a rose; but that
on the cheek of a wife is a drop of
poison to her husband. Try to
appear cheerful and contented, and
your husband will be so, and when
you have made him happy you will
become so, not in appearance but
in reality. The skill required is
is not so great. Nothing flatters a
man so much as the happiness of
his wife; he is always proud of him-
self as the source of it. As soon
as you are cheerful you will be liv-
ely and alert, and every moment will
afford you an opportunity to let fall
an agreeable word. Your education,
which gives you an immense advan-
tage, will greatly assist you."

Love-Making.

False modesty frequently deters
women from their share of love-
making. From fear of being con-
sidered over-bold, they are apt to
be over-shy, and thus discourage
attentions which they secretly de-
sire. Women are as well entitled
as men to express their love, only
each sex has its own way—man with
words and women with manners.
The one is quite as expressive as the
other; and, in either case, the more
delicately expressed the better. A
woman who does not express her at-
tachment by her manner cannot
expect to be loved. It is altogether
a foolish, because it is a hypocriti-
cal, practice, that of pretending to
be different to those whom she re-
ally and legitimately loves. Of
course she ought to conceal excess,
because it is weakness we want to
cure; but preference is a legitimate
feeling which may be always mod-
estly manifested by any woman.

When we take people merely as
they are, we make them worse; when
we treat them as if they were what
they should be, we improve them
as far as they can be improved.

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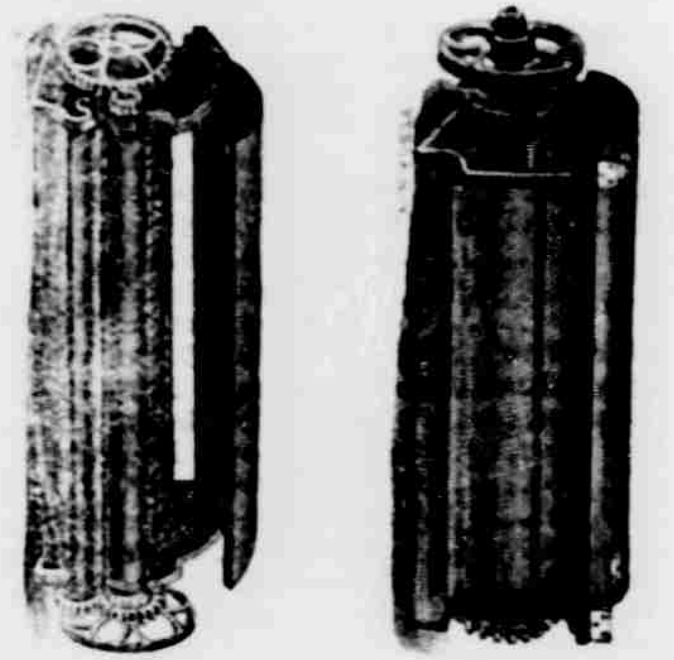
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